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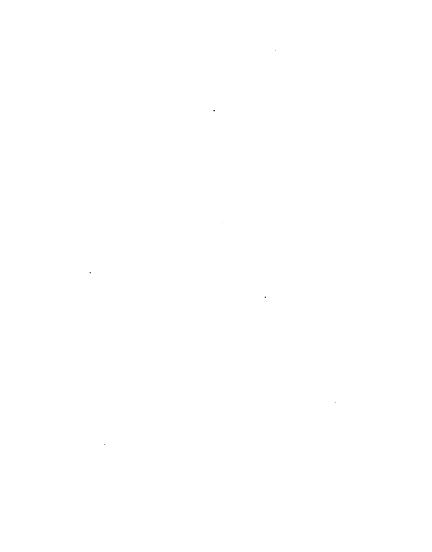
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For her loved Brother Sin Lik. Night Gresley. Burk

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FLORA AND POMONA'S FÊTE,

OR THE

BOTANICAL AND HORTICULTURAL MEETING.

A POEM, IN TWO PARTS,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE

FLORAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETIES OF ENGLAND.

BY ELIZABETH STEELE PERKINS.

THE SIXTH EDITION, WITH MANY ADDITIONS.

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FLORA'S FÊTE.

At the Butterfly's ball and the Grasshopper's fête There was much to be seen and as much to relate; But the Beauties of Flora were none of them there, Tho' kindly they lent their perfume to the air: The Goddess resolv'd that the insects should find She deem'd them ungrateful as well as unkind; Her anger was rous'd, and she vow'd, in her Rose, No Beetle or Moth that night should repose: And an order went out to the well-known Blue Bells To say, they must shut up those little hotels. Some nettles she took to the Butterfly's bower, (For she thought he'd return to his fav'rite flower) And conceal'd them where Roses and Eglantines meet, To sting with due vengeance, his wings and his feet.

The Rose, she protected with numerous thorns, And some of her *flowers* were guarded by horns: Whilst others she powder'd, in order to see, Should they dare to receive any insect or Bee. The Lily, that sweet little belle of the vale, Then hung down her head and grew pensive and pale; For she knew that her bank was a fav'rite place With many of those that were now in disgrace. Flora car'd not about all the Grasshopper clan, Cried, "mean little creatures, so trod on by man! "Both you and the Glow-worm may go home together, "Like watchmen proclaiming the hour and the weather; "But since Bayly once said, 'He'd a Butterfly be,' "That gay rover respects not my subjects nor me. "Yet all day o'er my flow'rets he flutters his wings. "'And he sleeps in my Rose, when the nightingale sings."

Now having completed her bus'ness on earth,
When the nettles were placed in the Butterfly's berth;
"Ere the watchman (the Glow-worm) appear'd with his
light,
"Or ev'ning gave place to the shadows of night,"

Away! to the Goddess Pomona, she flew, Who was painting some beautiful Fruit, as it grew; Her tale she related, with pitiful tone, And the wrongs of Pomona were join'd to her own; Shall our beauties, she said, in the desert air waste, Because mortals on earth are deficient in taste? Whilst the Grasshopper's feast and the Butterfly's ball Will long be the theme of the great and the small? And the dresses that shone at Sir Argus's rout, (Tho' pawn'd, if not borrow'd, I feel little doubt) Are blazon'd about, as so rich and so splendid! I'm sure we have cause to be hurt and offended; Our colours are bright, and more beautiful too! And I won't be outdone, Great Pomona, will you? New beauties for earth, like new Peers, we'll create, And then let us give a magnificent Fête!! Queen Pomona agreed, and sent invitations To various provinces, kingdoms and nations; And Flora announc'd, they should both meet together On a certain fix'd day, spite of wind or of weather. Horticulture and Botany join'd hand in hand, Was the seal, on the cards, that went out thro' the land.

All the answers arriv'd, and with little delay; A few were engag'd out to dinner that day, But most that were ask'd, were too happy to come, Tho' several regretted they could not leave home. The Apple, as usual, was still in the straw, And her Nonpareil partner had made it a law, That he never would leave her, when that was the case; And the Codlin, of Carlisle, had then a swell d face. The Bergamot Pear could not travel at all, On account of a bruise he receiv'd in a fall; And a sad invalid was the sweet Chaumontelle, For the climate was cold, and she did not feel well. Old Asparagus too was afraid of the weather, Altho' it was said, that she look'd in high feather: Captains Carrot and Parsnip were living in camp, And suffering much from confinement and damp. Mrs. Artichoke felt quite too old to appear, And Miss Onion was laid on the shelf for the year, Indeed, having often been shunn'd at a rout, She determin'd, in public, no more to go out. Mr. Cabbage detain'd by a tailor at home, Felt great disappointment, that he could not come.

The Turnips were ill, their disease was the fly—
'Twas generally thought, they were likely to die.

Doctor Camomile had a few patients to see,
But would hasten his visits, and drop in to tea.

The Myrtle must go to a marriage that morn,
With the sweet Orange Blossoms, a bride to adorn.

The Rocket engaged to a fête at Vauxhall:

London Pride would have come, but Pride met with his fall.

The Minulus* vowed he'd not go for a bribe,
For a Monkey, they call'd him, or one of that tribe;
And the Sensitive Plant too, had taken offence—
She's apt to be touchy, altho' she has sense.
The Balm was too high her relations to meet,
Because, she had bought Gilead House for her seat,
But should Flora, near Liverpool, visit old Neptune,
She would find at her house, a most cordial reception.
There were several others, gone out, for the season,
And they begg'd to decline, on account of this reason;

^{*} The Mimulus, vulgarly called the Monkey Plant.

But the Goddess, who long o'er the garden has sway'd, Bid many return, and of course was obey'd.

It would take a whole volume, or more, to relate
One-half of the dresses prepar'd for the fête.
What Sunbeams were sent out in every direction,
With colours, with velvets and hats for selection;
What flow'ring, what trimming and spangling too!
And embroid'ring! such as no fingers can do!
Even Carson herself, in her very best day,
Could never compete with old Sol, in this way;
And oft, when some beautiful colour she'd show,
If he peep'd thro' the window, 'twas certain to go!
But she bore all his thieving with very good humour,
Because he made fashions, for Winter and Summer.

On a beautiful morn, in the month of July, When the Sun's golden rays had illumin'd the sky, And dried all the tears and the dew-drops away, Which Evening had shed at the parting of Day,

Queen Flora was seen, to our region descending, The hours, and Summer with garlands attending. In a gossamer car, she was borne from above By the Zephyrs, that fly on the pinions of love: And the trees of the wood, the corn and the rye, All gracefully bent, as the Goddess flew by; Their little red banners, the *Poppies* unfurl'd, For gladness and joy seem'd to reign in the world. Then the lark rose to meet her, and welcome the day, And the praise of her flow'rets he caroll'd away: He warbled their message of thanks, to the Sun, And begg'd him to shine, till their gala was done: For St. Swithin had come down, the morning before, To christen the fruit, that the Apple-tree bore, And they very much fear'd, if they saw him again, He might sprinkle their beautiful garments with rain.

An Emerald garden the Queen had selected, And thither the car, and the Zephyrs directed, And there, were her Gnomes and old Mercury sent, To stretch out the wings of her elegant tent. Sweet Flora was drest in cerulean blue,
With a cestus of gold and bespangled with dew;
A wreath of wild flowers, which fairies had made,
Encircled her forehead and twin'd in her braid:
And Venus's Looking-glass hung very near,
To make her great beauty more lovely appear;
Her own Crown Imperial lay at her feet,
The Noli me tangere guarded her seat,
And a Dog-Rose was planted just outside the gate,
To frighten intruders away from the fête.

Her chamberlain Zephyrus, then had the honour, To present all the Flowers that waited upon her; Whilst Lavender stood at the front of the door, To keep order, and take all the tickets they bore: And a troop of fine Dahlias placed in a row, On each side of the tent, made a very bright show; The Band was as usual conducted and led By the Trumpeter Woodbine drest out in his red; And under a Flag, looking lanky and taper, Stood Jonquil, to write a report for the paper.

The pride of the Garden, a Rose in full bloom,
Was the first of the guests that now enter'd the room,
Flora started, surprised at such beauty terrestrial,
And dropt from her bosom, her own Rose Celestial;
And so much delight did the Goddess evince,
That she made Miss Rose blush, and she's blush'd ever since.

Lord Geranium came next, and excited much wonder
At the belles that he brought and his family number;
All Lordlings and Ladies and Admirals some!
And Commanders-in-Chief! (but these last didn't come);

The Ladies were lovely, so lowly and bending,
'Twas charming to see such high rank condescending;
Then follow'd the stately Camellia clan,
Who a few years ago, arriv'd from Japan;
Such elegant flowers we rarely have seen,
And their beauty was highly extoll'd by the Queen,
Sir Pyrus Japonica came with 'em too;
A Campanula follow'd as usual in blue.
A red-headed Coxcomb—a rude, forward fellow!
Next push'd in his way, before Miss Gentianella;

And a Lily from Guernsey came after him stalking, And lean'd on a stick, as if tir'd of walking. A Cactus in pink, then appear'd in her pride, With Speciosissimus close to her side; And the Crassula bringing her choicest perfume, With the *Heliotrope*, perfectly scented the room. The single Rose Briar came in with Sweet Pca, And they felt some attachment, one plainly might see; But Major Convolvolus clung to Miss Rose, To whom he is partial, as ev'ry one knows. The Panseys, in deep purple velvet, were drest, With bright yellow satin composing their vest, They used to be reckon'd quite vulgar and mean, But are now, in good company, constantly seen. A Rose and a Shamrock and Thistle invited, Came, like three loving sisters together united; The Clarkia, Eschscholtzia, and Salvias follow, With Daphne, who's said to have fled from Apollo. Then, a nymph, drest in scarlet, the pretty Verbena, 'Twas her first coming out, in Fashion's Arena, She was thought very charming, and much more refin'd Than the Belle of the City, where Becket's enshrined,

Who was next usher'd in with some more of her order, The band playing "Blue Bonnets over the border." The Pale Primrose for once had deserted her glade, Where retiring and modest she blooms in the shade. The Violet had left the green bank, in the woods, And the great Water Lily, her throne on the floods. From Lincolnshire's fens, came the Marsh-loving Mallow: From her Palace of Crystal the wonderful Aloe! Some would not believe it and many felt doubt, For not twice in a century will she come out.* Sir Buck-bean was call'd from his peaceful retreat, On the Banks of the Lakes is his fav'rite seat-He came up by water (objecting to steam), And his green boat was row'd by the Sun's pilot Beam. The Ericas were summon'd to leave the lone wild Where neglected they liv'd, and in solitude smil'd, And deck'd in new colours look'd lovely and gay, And by far the most beauteous belles of the day. Their neighbour the Gorse, who is rich we are told, Came with them, and wore his best doublet of gold;

The Aloe flowers but once in a hundred years.

Now greatly preferring the Court to the Dingle, He vows that no longer he means to be single.† Then the Hyacinths followed (the pride of the Dutch), The Illustrious Beauty, and little Nonsuch, The Ranunculas tribe, and Anemonies too In dresses of purple, red, crimson and blue-Narcissus mov'd in with her elegant stoop, In a gold colour'd toque and she sported a hoop; Her dress Soleil d'Or and the garniture round, Compos'd of green leaves, on a very dark ground: In pity, we hope she's not fond of reflexion, As her ancestor was, (she's a sallow complexion). Nasturtium who boasts that he runs very fast Set out after Glycine and found himself last-As the fable relates that the Tortoise by creeping Arriv'd at the goal, whilst the fleet hare was sleeping. Sweet Columbine clad in her usual costume, And the Tulip, as Harlequin, enter'd the room:

[†] The double-flowering Gorse is becoming an universal favourite on Lawns and in Shrubberies.

Cynoglossum, who wore a more delicate hue. And was rather admired, altho' a bas bleu. With a Traveller's joy came the pretty Schizanthus, The Delphinium in white and a Mr. Dianthus: Carnations, Bizarres, and a Pink, like a Fairy, With the Dwarf Marigold and the little Rose Mary. Old Honesty came with the Stocks from their bank: Herb Christopher too, with Sir Lupine Cruickshank. The Amaranth follow'd, still bearing his Plume, And the black ey'd Hybiscus, in beautiful bloom. Then a member appear'd not a Whig nor a Tory, But annex'd to his name is a very old story: Half his dress was of red with the other part white, Yet the colours were blended and seem'd to unite: And he certainly does what no other can do, For he represents York and Lancaster too.* Next came the Blue Doctor, the famous old Squills, Who never gives med'cine, but what he distils; A friend to the bottle, a noted old quack, Who cures the deep cough, and the phthisical hack.

The York and Lancaster Rose.

The Auriculas, children of April and May, Then approach'd the great Goddess their devoirs to pay. Some were formal and upright and bore a long name, They have Pillars of Beauty and Pillars of Fame: They are Knights, they are Heroes, and Conquerers too. And we constantly hear, of some title that's new. The most noted wore Powder, and those with bright eyes Had just been at a contest and borne off the Prize. The little Miss Daisies look'd simple and sweet In their small yellow caps, trimm'd with Fringes so neat; Their forms are like Fairies, altho' rustic graces, And the soft smile of Innocence, plays on their faces. Flora gave them that smile when she bid them to grow, And she strew'd them for innocent Childhood below. The Sunflower which sprung from Clytia, they say, Was brilliantly clad by the great Orb of Day; She wore his own colours, she borrow'd his rays, And attached to the Sun, she speaks much in his praise. Tigridia pavonia,* beautiful flower! Came in splendid attire and staid but an hour,

^{*} The Mexican Tiger Flower, only blooms for a few hours.

Then put on her hood and she hasten'd away,

For she deem'd it récherché, to make a short stay.

† Sir Hollyhock rode from a neighbouring thicket,

He had put on his red and forgotten his ticket;

Buthe broughtout the Foxgloves and when they were seen,

A gracious admission was sent from the Queen.

Then came Lupins, Lobelias, sweet Mignonette,

And various others whose names we forget.

The Gum Cistus was mourning, and dropping with dew, And she sent her excuse by the Cypress and Yew. Her blossoms were fair—but alas! the poor mother Consign'd them to earth one after another:

Like many a flower, as pallid and pure,
With beauty too great in this world to endure;
Created in Eden and loving the light,
They droop in a day that is followed by night;
But gather'd by Angels, recover their bloom,
And all that is wither'd, they leave in the tomb.

⁺ The late Master of the Quorndon Pack.

The Snow-drop and Crocus, who shone in their day, Were, somehow or other, gone out of the way; They had both disappear'd, for they each lay in bed, And their neighbours and friends suppos'd they were dead, Till Forget-me-not said, that they bid her remember, To expect them again, the last week in December.

A great many guests from America came, Rhododendrons, Azalias, too num'rous to name; From India, from China, and Africa too, Arriv'd many beauties, that nobody knew.

The Chrysanthemums, Asters, and many, no doubt, Much wish'd to be there, but they were not come out; And they and all others, that now were prevented, Still hoped, for the honour of being presented.

POMONA'S FÊTE.

We must now to Pomona's high temple repair,
For the bountiful Goddess Pomona, was there,
In ethereal robes, which the graces had wove,
And as charming as Venus, the Goddess of Love.
Sol lent her his chariot, the elements brought her
The earth and the air, and the fire and the water!
The Orange and Citron embower'd her seat,
And Vertumnus stood by, with his horn at her feet,
That horn, which he waves at her sov'reign command,
Diffusing rich plenty all over our land;
Royal Foresters stood in detachments around,
And some in the avenues, guarding the ground;
And gales of Ambrosia perfum'd the fresh air,
Whilst Vertumnus announc'd all the names of the fair,

Who eager their dutiful homage to pay Pass'd in rapid succession and splendid array. Queen Pine had the entrée, and came in great state, As befitting her beauty, her rank and her weight; And she also brought with her a certain Black Prince, Who's been very much talk'd of, and often cut since. A large party were present from Strawberry Hill, Where the host had declar'd, ev'ry bed he would fill; The juvenile Keans* were in scarlet attired, And thought sweetly pretty and all much admired; But their cousins, the Wilmots, † look'd truly superb, "P'rhaps a little too large," said an old Bitter Herb; Their aunt Carolina; came in with them too, And the Hero of Battle, who won Waterloo! The Miss Melons, in number, at least half-a-dozen, Beside Cantaloupe, and his awkward first cousin,

II The Black Prince Pine.

· The Kean's Seedling, † The Wilmot's Superb, Strawberries. 1 The Old Carolina, § The Wellington,

Whose name we scarce heard, but believe 'twas Pumpkin-(He reminded us much of a great country bumpkin.) The Grapes hung together, and look'd very fine! 'Tis said they inherit their pride from the Vine. And Sir Apricot left his abode at Moor Park, To come to this meeting, by way of a lark. Mrs. Nectarine too, with her pretty smooth skin, Felt most happy, she said, "just to take a peep in," But a titter was rais'd at the sight of her face, For the rouge had been laid too much in one place: Mrs. Peach, tho' so lovely, had painted her cheeks, And on one side, had plac'd, a few singular streaks; Notwithstanding all this, they both look'd very well, And in shape and in goodness were thought to excel. Th' Impératrice Plum came with six little pages, All drest in light green, they were six Master Gages: And her nieces from Orleans, just now in their bloom, Attracted the eyes of the whole of the room. The Cherry, in black for his brother Morello, Who had fallen a victim to brandy, poor fellow! The Gooseberry follow'd, and so did the Fig. And the Raspberry, wearing his very best wig:

Then enter'd the *Currants*, and blush'd very red—
'Twas distressing to see how they hung down the head,
For some of them finding all other trades fail,
Were reduc'd e'en to *rob*, and they now lay in jail!
Very late in the day, came the Lords *Magnum Bonum*,
And because they were *great* much attention was shown
'em—

May their names and their virtues be ever preserv'd, For a title so good was ne'er better deserv'd. The Nuts and the Walnuts both travell'd from Kent, And a neighbour (not ask'd) his best Services sent. The Mulberry meant to have been at the fête, But her dress was not ready, which made her too late.

The Champion Potato from Lancashire came,
Who had challeng'd all England, and not lost his fame:
A fat Cucumber follow'd, in green and in gold,
Seeming somewhat deform'd, and a little too old.
The Bean came from Windsor, and look'd very great,
Because he was living, in regions of state;
Tho' he could not compete with his sisters from France,
Who were train'd to excel in the twirligig dance.

The Mustard and Cress and the Lettuce and Beet, (Accustom'd so often at table to meet,) All travell'd en suite, and Sir Radish forgot, Then he mounted his horse and arriv'd very hot: And after him came looking round and well-fed. Most excellent Cauliflower, with his white head; The report was too true, he was sorry to say, Of his cousin, Miss Broccoli, running away. The *Peas* arrived late, and assign'd as the reason, They were only just come into town for the season. The Mushroom who long for a cold kept her bed, Was forced to appear with a hat on her head; She seem'd to have started in terrible haste. But when she is drest with most exquisite taste She knows no haut ton-nor ever can do,-For all the world knows, she's a mere parvenu. The Leek came from Wales in his uniform gay The same that he wears, on the jubilee day When he represents Cambria's tutular Saint, And some thought on the whole, that he look'd rather quaint. Don Garlick stood nigh him, a native of Spain, Who loves England so well, where he means to remain.

The Goddess receiv'd all her subjects with grace, And assign'd to each beauty, her rank and due place: On her right hand, she seated the famous Queen Pine, On her left hand, she plac'd the fair fruit of the vine: The Melons were next to the Grapes, in high station, And the *Peach*, and the *Nectarine*, both in rotation. She condol'd with the Cherry the loss of his brother, And to each of her guests she said something or other,

- "And hoped they would often in future attend,
- "At the summons that she and Queen Flora would send;
- "For in Summer and Autumn, they meant to unite,
- "Their levees to hold and their subjects invite:
- "And this was the spot, where they purpos'd to meet—
- "'Twas the Goddesses' choice, and a favour'd retreat.
- "Competition for prizes, she said, was their will;
- "Some prizes for beauty and others for skill;
- "And so long as she reign'd over orchard and wood,
- "She would ever promote what is useful and good!"

This speech was receiv'd, with applause by the crowd— For Fruit is most grateful, it must be allow'd!

And the beautiful plants that were under the tent, Immediately offer'd a volume of *scent* /

Now Flora kept out, from the first to the least, All the Insects that went to the Grasshopper's feast; But the Fly, in a passion determin'd to enter, Was caught, in a gossamer, hung in the centre, Where he buzz'd out invectives the rest of the day, And felt for his rashness, he dearly must pay; Whilst the Gnats, on the Sunbeams, were dancing a reel, Too airy and light, their exclusion to feel. The Bee wanted honey and murmur'd about And wonder'd how flowers could go to a rout: The poor Butterfly droop'd and died the same day, For he fancied "all fair things had faded away:" The Wasp climb'd the window, notorious thief, And sat for awhile unperceiv'd on a leaf, But slily he crept and he bit Lady Grape, And was trod under foot, ere he made his escape! Then the Queen of the Fruit was delighted to see They had murder'd the Wasp, and punish'd the Bee,

And Flora rejoic'd o'er the *Butterfly's* fall, For she hated his pride, and remember'd his *Ball*.

The rest of the day was harmoniously spent-For the Spheres, as a favour, their music had lent, And groups of gay flowers were scatter'd around, Whilst many paraded the beautiful ground; They danc'd in the breeze, looking lovely and sweet, And seem'd to hold converse, delighted to meet, For the language of Flora, e'er speaks to the heart, 'Tis a language of love, which no words can impart. But the Nightshade was caught darting into the room, With his poisonous vapours and poisonous gloom; And the Night-blowing Cereus beginning to yawn, Gave a hint to her friends, that it soon would be dawn; Then they look'd at the Thyme, and they ask'd him to stay; The Old Man shook his head, and he hasten'd away: So the Goddesses summon'd their car and withdrew, And each Beauty returned to the place where she grew.

To Pomona and Flora, the theme of our song,
May the Garden, of England, for ever belong,
And their colours be seen by the sceptical eye,
Which no longer the hand of a God can deny.
Let ambition, their seeds, in this Fairy land sow,
Where they'll never be blighted, but prosper and grow.
The Olive is green, and if carefully nourish'd,
The Branch will extend as our Laurels have flourish'd;
For the Sun of Prosperity shines on this land,
And Content, Peace and Plenty should walk hand in hand.
May each Cottager soon find repose at his door,
When the toils of the day, and his labours, are o'er,
Sitting under his Fig-tree, and under his Vine,
As foretold in The Book which is true and Divine.

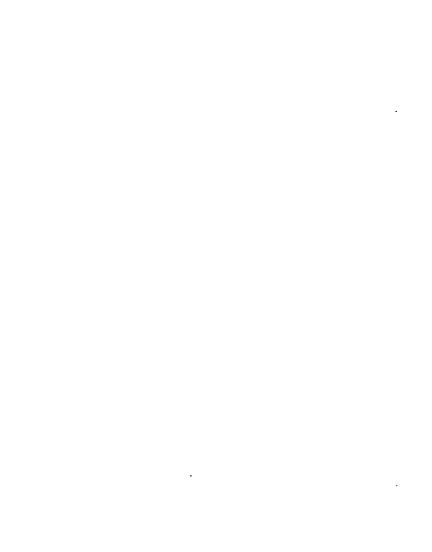


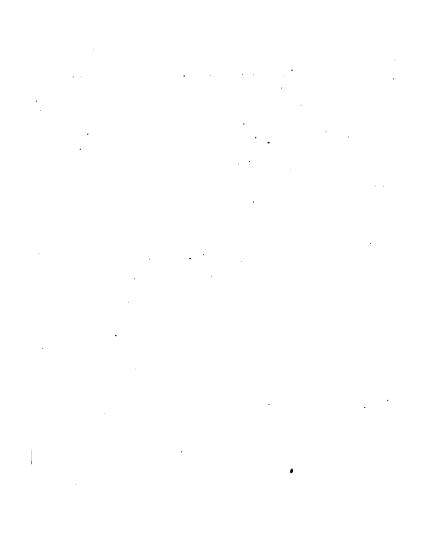
ERRATA.

Page 4, line 4 from foot of the page, for "plac'd," read "safe."
Page 14, line 2, for "He vows," read "Avows."

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FLORAS FANCY FETE.

OR FLORAL CHARACTERISTICS.

A Hoem.

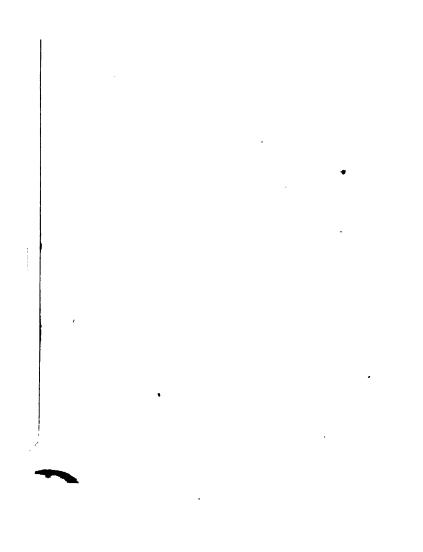
OF TLOWBES.

WRITTEN AS A SEQUEL TO

flora and pomona's fete.



by Her Ladyships most Ofliged Servant Strele Cerkin



THE POEM.

The child of the flowery quiver and bow,
Delighting to roam in the gardens below,
From the throne of his mother flew swiftly away
To visit the earth on a bright sunny day.
He knew that the Roses and Lilies grew there—
That those Roses were sweet and those Lilies were fair;
And as soon as the gay golden meads were in sight
Love flutter'd his little blue wings with delight!
For the face of all nature was smiling and glad,
Her mountains and valleys were verdantly clad;
And Summer had strew'd with a liberal hand
Her beautiful ornaments over the land!
And he long'd for those fragrant and delicate flowers
To live in Elysium and bloom in his bow'rs,

Saying surely each blossom would exquisite be Were the sprig my own planting and nurtur'd by me.

The pinions of Love far swifter than wind,
Had left all the breezes of morning behind;
But Frolic and Fancy continued their sway
One sat on his wings, and one guided his way:
They are favourite playmates of Venus's son,
Projecting his pastimes and leading him on.
Now being on mischievous pleasure intent,
Consulting them whither his course should be bent,
They show'd him a garden and bade him explore,
Love laugh'd at the lock and broke open the door;
Then enter'd in triumph, for Beauty was there,
And flow'rets of loveliness perfumed the air:
And the birds amid blossoms were warbling their lays
Till the little god thought they were singing his praise.

Now slily he peep'd in the bee-hives to see How honey was made by the labouring bee, Now search'd the Campanula's silvery cell
Where he fancied the Fairies might possibly dwell:
And chasing the Dragon-flies! beautiful things!
Most cruelly clipt many gossamer wings;
And pilfer'd the down the bright Butterflies wear,
To powder his pinions and make them as fair!

Then out of the quiver gold arrows were drawn,
And the point of each weapon was tipt with a thorn;
The shafts were well aim'd and they speedily flew
Where the choicest of Flora's own favourites grew:
Till many a beauty was touch'd by the dart,
And many were wounded with infinite art;
Whilst others more lovely, more fragrant or gay,
The Archer most archly, then carried away:
For the child of the bow loves to pilfer and steal,
And always endeavours his thefts to conceal.

The arrows of Cupid thus scatter'd around, By Flora, the queen of the garden, were found, When she roam'd with her Sylphs, in the ev'ning hours, To fold up the leaves of her delicate flow'rs: For as soon as we lose the bright lustre of day, When the crimson of evening is changing to grey, And the curtain of heav'n grows sable in hue, She feeds them with honey and bathes them in dew! But sore was her anger and sad her dismay, To find how her flow rets had faded away: How many were wounded and droop'd on the stem, And she wish'd Beauty's child might be wither'd like them; Nay, she vow'd she would make the young Archer repent, That his arrows were plum'd or his little bow bent— But she sought him in vain—the truant had flown To play with the Graces round Venus's throne! The wrath of that goddess 'twere rash to incur. To offend the fair child, would draw clouds upon her; For once, when a Rose proffer'd honey to sip The Bee most indignantly stung his red lip; And thus, to avenge him, the stings of the Bees By Venus were turn'd into thorns on the trees. Besides it was known Love was jealous of late, No card had been sent him to Flora's last Fête;

Tho' the urchin had often been heard to declare. No Fête could be perfect if he were not there. And it certainly sounds and does seem very strange,-When the goddesses met to decide and arrange, Who should be invited, and who should be not, That one so important could e'er be forgot. Perhaps they fancied him blind, but we certainly know Love never was blind, tho' he renders us so: Or how could the boy with so matchless an art, Just strike whilst it flutters an innocent heart? Perchance they might deem him too young to appear, Like the seedlings they nurse for a forthcoming year: And were the soft wings of the scion unfurl'd They could not endure the chill blasts of the world. Be this as it may, Love could very well see-Could distinguish a beautiful flow'ret or tree! For strong were his pinions and bright were his eyes, When he flew to that Fête in a flow'ry disguise, And Fancy conducted him there, as a Sprite, Whilst the Fairies were dancing their rounds in the night; And found him a hiding place UNDER THE ROSE Where SILENCE and SECRECY often repose!

And he toy'd with the CowsLIP and PRIMROSE all day, For they represent CHILDHOOD—and children love play!

The goddess with sorrow and cares overcome, Flew back to the Fields of Elysium, her home: But cares cannot enter a region so fair, And they dropp'd one by one as she mounted in air: She summon'd her Nymphs to a council of state, Around her the Sylphs and Aeriels await, Who always are hovering nigh to fulfil The task she assigns them, and flee at her will. To each and to all is some mission assign'd, They are borne thro' the world, on the wings of the wind; They ride on the sunbeams and traverse the earth, To guard it from pestilence, famine and dearth; Strewing sweets as they fly, o'er the hill and the dale, Hanging pearls on the Lily that grows in the vale, And painting the gardens, and clothing the trees, To those giving colours, and blossoms to these! Some streak the gay Tulip and perfume the Rose, Or watch o'er the tender young plant as it grows;

Whilst others fresh wreaths for the Muses entwine, And garlands of beauty, they weave for the Nine!

They protect the young blooms from the Fairy and Fay Who trip o'er the branches in frolicsome play, For "under the blossom" that hangs on the tree Still sportive as ever, will Ariel be.

The IRIS commission'd on errands above,
Was quickly dispatch'd with a message of love
To Cupid the culprit, to call him away
From Venus, the Graces, his loves and his play:
To the court of queen Flora who bade her prepare
New toys and new pleasures to welcome him there.

Now Cupid has conscience, tho' perhaps it is small, (But 'tis well if he have any conscience at all)

He knew the sad havoc his arrows had made,

And the eye of the goddess, he fain would evade;

But her mandate was come, and alas! he must go, So sighing, he snatch'd up his little bright bow; With this weapon, said he, I am "Cupid all arm'd," And why should a hero like me be alarm'd? I broke the strong thunder-bolts forged for old Jove, They yielded like twigs to the arm of young Love; So pluming his pinions, he stretch'd them and smil'd As they bore off to Flora, the beautiful child!

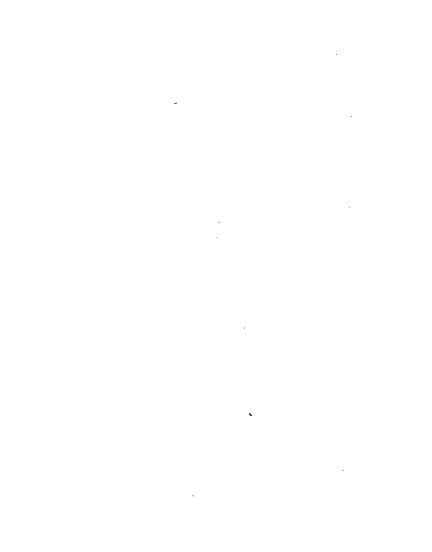
The wrath of the goddess had vanish'd away
Like a cloud passing swift o'er the sunshine of May,
And calm and serenely her countenance shone,
For the storm had subsided, the tempest was gone.
Boy of Beauty, she said, in the accents of love,
Were thine arrows e'er pointed at Venus's Dove?
Oh no! he replied, 'tis an innocent thing,
Yet I once pluck'd a feather or two from its wing;
And Venus, my mother, was greatly enrag'd,
And kept me awhile, as a captive encag'd:
The Graces then call'd me a mischievous child
And whimpled, and whining, and wayward, and wild!

And then they declar'd I was idle and sly,
While they fondled the Dove with the pretty pink eye;
And they said it was plaintive and innocent too,
An emblem of Constancy all the world through.
In vain I assur'd them that never could be,
'Twas an attribute always pertaining to me;
And while in my prison, the motto I wore,
But lost it as soon as I pass'd the cage door:
When Venus releas'd me and set my wings free,
I flutter'd and dropt it, alas! in my glee.
Then I flew to the flower where Constancy dwells
And bade the Cumpanula shake her Blue-bells,
And proclaim that the motto which now is the Dove's,
By all that is right ought to be little Love's.

The tale pleas'd the goddess who playfully smil'd To hear how fair Venus imprison'd her child, Then darting upon him a glance from an eye As bright as the sun and as blue as the sky—Young truant, she cried, if thou lay by thy bow To the garden of Beauty together we'll go;

And there for the theft of the Dove to atone,
Select a sweet flow'ret and make it thine own.
But promise, and let not that promise be vain,
That no more thou wilt shoot in my bow'rs again.
Or I'll break thy gold darts and clip thy bow-string
And ev'ry soft feather I'll pluck from thy wing;
Then ne'er wilt thou stretch them to soar in the air,
And Psyche a garland of willow must wear—
But if with my wish, thou wilt freely comply,
To the land of delight we will presently fly;
Since Constancy's flow'ret is claim'd by the Dove
There find a meet emblem of Beauty and Love.
And give it that motto, declare it to be
E'er sacred to Venus, and sacred to thee!

The child was delighted, the grievance was heal'd,
The truce and conditions were presently seal'd;
The question was now, whether Flora should call
Her subjects to come to a breakfast or ball?
Should they borrow the light of the Sun or the Moon,
And send invitations for Evening or Noon?





I Fraguer of Oweer

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So after a great length of flow'ry debate
They issued their cards for a Fanciful Fête
To commence with the day, at the note of the Lark,
And to close with the twilight before it grew dark:
For the flow'rs of Flora look fairest in light
Tho' the beauties of art may eclipse them at night,
But these very rarely are seen in the day,
For they seldom come out, till the Sun is away;
Avoiding alike both the light and the dew,
No freshness they bear, and no brightness of hue!

Spring fashion'd the dresses with exquisite skill,
She ranks at the head of Couturières still:
She formed the costumes, by her hand they were made,
And the Sun in pure courtesy lent her his aid!
Sweet Summer work'd early and late at her part,
And finished her portion with wonderful art:
She embroider'd the chapeaux and made all the flow'rs,
She furnish'd the wreaths for the roseate hours;
And many a garment which niggardly Frost
Had lock'd up so long 'twas considered as lost,

Came forth once again looking splendid and gay,
And quite the fit thing for the Fête of the day!
For old fashion'd plants which old characters bore,
They suited so well, having worn them before:
The dresses of Fancy were beautiful too,
Some freshly imported and all of them new:
The colours well chosen, well blended and bright,
Such as purple and gold, red, crimson and white:
Whilst Morning lent many a jewel and gem,
To sparkle away in a dew diadem.

A midsummer day when all nature is fair,
When breezes are balmy and sweet is the air,
Was the season that Flora had fixed for her Fête,
For Spring was too early and Autumn too late.
She knew little of Winter except that his frown,
Makes the berries to blush and the leaves to turn brown;
And Cupid loves sunshine and never could brook,
Cold weather, cold words, or a cold icy look!

'Twas decreed from the first, that the Sun should adorn The garden for Flora, and spread out her lawn, With carpets of velvet-like verdure and flow'rs Besprinkled on earth in luxuriant show'rs. Each morn 'twas observ'd that at day break he rose, And he shorten'd his hours of seeming repose To accomplish his task, and to make the world gay, For Flora's reception—Love's jubilee day! First lighting his torch, as he rose from his bed, The flames made his chambers look fiery and red; And straightway he sent out, this powerful light To replace the pale lamp of the guardian of night: Then hasted the gates of the east to unfold, To display to the world his bright palace of gold, 'Mid mountains and plains of rich purple and grey, Which seem to belong to the temple of day; Where the lucid and radiant tints of the sky With the Topaz, the Ruby, and Amethyst vie! And all that looks happy and glad to the sight, Succeeds the dark shades of the empire of night.

From these realms of the morn, as the queen of the east Did the goddess of Flow'rs step forth to her feast, Attended by Sylphs and Aerial quires A numerous band with their silvery lyres; And Cupid stood waiting impatient to go, With his little blue wings but no quiver or bow; When the harbinger Skylark was heard in the sky, And was soaring, and rising, and singing on high Whilst mounting thro' æther he warbled away His sweet serenade to the palace of day. And the star of the morning was still to be seen When the rosy Aurora went forth with the queen, When the beautiful Flora, and Cupid or Love, Were conducted by her from their regions above. And the hours flew swiftly and made them their care, Waving garlands and wreaths as they pass'd thro' the air: No Sprite did they meet, no Fairy or Fay, These elfins had flown at approach of the day; Yet the dew on the grass and dark circlets of green Shew'd where Mab and her own tiny people had been-Where they danc'd in the night, for their revels they keep, By the light of the Moon, when the world is asleep.

Wild beauties were summon'd and sprung from their beds
As the hours of Summer flew over their heads,
The gales caught up all that were lovely and sweet,
To present to the goddess and strew at her feet;
Whilst the Harebells, tho' lowly, still constant and true
Saluted young Love with their bonnets of blue.

And the beautiful *Iris* appear'd with her bow, In colours, which only the Sun can bestow; She bore from bright Phoebus a message to say, He would grace with his presence the rest of the day. Then myriads of rays more brilliant than gold, The scenes of Elysium dart forth to unfold.

'Twas Adonis's garden and Beauty's delight,
Where no clouds intervene and the Sun's ever bright,
Whose banks are enamell'd with all that is rare,
And flow'rets of loveliness fairer than fair;
Which bloom in Elysium where only they grow,
And never are found in this region below:

Not Fancy herself such embroidery can paint, Her hand is too feeble, her colours too faint.

But there we are told 'mid Arcadian bow'rs Dwells the genius of Plants and the angel of Flow'rs, And there in a grove of green Myrtle alone Rose the temple of Flora, the goddess's throne: Commanding the garden, the beautiful scene, Prepar'd for young Cupid, the guest of the queen; Who shrewdly suspecting the truant would stray Now begg'd his attendance as page for the day. Love previshly cried, am I thus to be bound Whilst Beauty unheeded is blushing around? No, no, I'm a god and delight to be free, Hyacinthean fetters shall never bind me. And have I not promis'd my Psyche to bring A wreath for her brow from the garland of Spring? I'll seek for the Rosc, the Forget-me-not too, The lovely Carnation which borrows my hue, The Lily, the Pink, and the Heliotrope flow'r, And an Eglantine sprig from the Paphian bow'r.





There is four in the heath of the some

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I'll entwine the gay Tulip, the Myrtle and May
With a Rose that can tell, what the Tulip would say.
When this bouquet of sweets I have sought and have found
And with Tendrils of Woodbine encircled around
I'll present it to Psyche, my love to disclose,
For sure there is "Love in the breath of the Rose:"
And thy language fair Flora, all language excels,
What no words can express, in sweet silence it tells!

Then sounds of soft music were heard in the grove Pan piping on *Reeds* to amuse little Love,
Whilst Eolus gently stole down from the skies
To give the guests pleasure and Flora surprise;
With his harp, he conceal'd himself under the trees,
Till discover'd by Zephyr, a whispering breeze:
The god of the Winds was soon known to be there
By the waving of bonnets and caps in the air!
A mark of respect the plants never forget,
They bow at his presence whenever he's met.

O'er the bower of Flora a Chesnut Tree spread In splendour and pomp its luxuriant head; "Twas cover'd with blossoms which made it appear Like a lustre of pearl or a vast chandelier. And nigh to the Chesnut a Juniper threw Protection around the sweet spot where it grew, And the goddess's temple, her evergreen throne, With Vervain and Scarlet Ipomea o'ergrown, Stood richly enwreath'd with each odorous flow'r, The brightest of buds, and the gems of the bow'r; And the hours of morn that preceded her way Had strew'd with Red Roses, the paths of the day; And lightly Love tript o'er the Rose without Thorn The pleasures of Childhood are Roses of Morn.

The goddess here sounded her silvery shell,
Till echo resounded thro' mountain and dell,
And Zephyrus hearing the signal of state
Flew in haste to unbar and throw open the gate,
To receive the fair guests and then softly proclaim,
The mottos and titles of each as they came.

For Spring was approaching admission to gain, With the infantine flow'rets she brings in her train; And the flowers of Summer were coming so fast, They would be at the gate 'ere the others had pass'd: So Flora was graciously pleas'd to declare To the Zephyrs around that were clearing the air, That whatever their splendour, their tribe or condition She gave to the Seasons an equal admission. As the Spring and as Summer and Autumn descend Admit them, she said, that their colours may blend: When Nature is beaming, below and above, With rapture and joy, and with beauty and love, 'Tis befitting and meet that my glitt'ring care. Uniting their odours, should perfume the air; I have summon'd them all to appear at my Fête, 'Tis my will they should come whether early or late: For once then let Autumn her colours display. 'Mid the children of June and the infants of May! Go haste ye bright Sunbeams, flee swiftly and fling The portals wide open, to welcome the Spring, Be the gates of the South too unfolded to-day, That Summer may enter with all that is gay:

And Autumn resplendent in golden attire
Will follow ensuite, in a chariot of fire!
But if the glad harbinger Snow-drop appear
With its train of small florets, first gems of the year,
'Tis the emblem of Hope and has dropt from her wing,
Give precedence to Hope and the Herald of Spring!

The words of the goddess were heard and obey'd—
The Snow-drop was there like a bride all array'd;
Her entrée was gladly announc'd by the gale,
As she timidly peep'd thro' a snowy white veil;
Her appearance was hail'd and her beauty admired,
Till she bow'd her meek head, bade adieu and retir'd.
As one of her train came a small Fairy Knight,
The Crocus, whose motto is, "all that is bright."
And Hepaticas wearing the heavenly hue
Emblematic of Hope and of Confidence too.

Sweet Violet enter'd with *Modesty's* mien, Having bloom'd in the shade as a beauty unseen: Now charming all hearts, throwing gladness around, Like a gem that was lost, unexpectedly found. Love smil'd at this flow'ret for once when he flew O'er the odorous bank where the Violet grew; He met with the Zephyrs who told him a tale Of fragrance and sweetness borne off by the gale; Till the Violet laughing, confessed with her eye 'Twas bestow'd as a gift on a gale passing by.

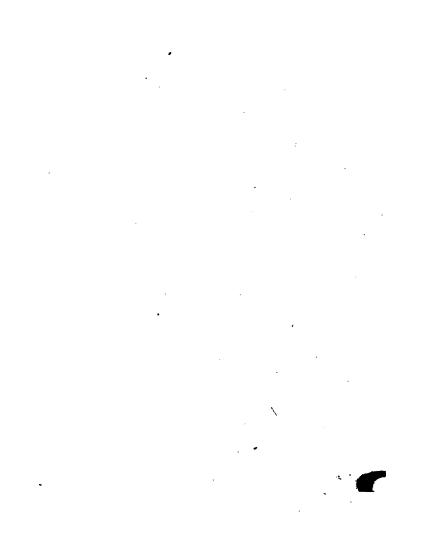
Mezereon travell'd thro' frost and thro' wet And acted as usual the little Coquette: With garlands of flow'rs now wreathing her head, Now decking it richly with berries of red; Resolv'd o'er all hearts to establish her sway, She varies for ever the dress of the day.

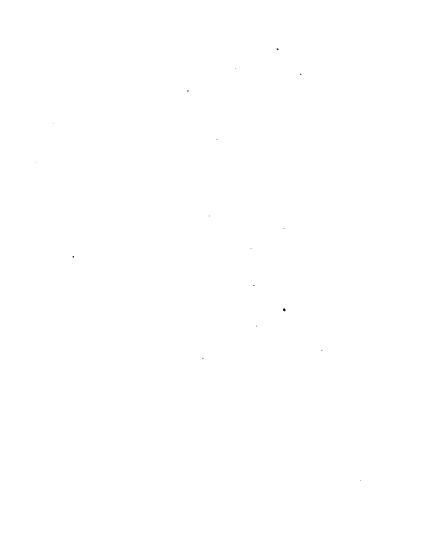
Then came in *Narcissus* who droop'd from the hour He descried his own Beauty—now chang'd to a flower Retaining the emblem, his motto of old, He was *Self-love* and *Vanity* drest out in gold.

The Pansey as Heartsease, well acted her part,
And offer'd relief to the wounds of the heart;
Love in Idleness, one of her numerous names,
(Tho' cited by Shakespeare himself) she disdains
With the little sly god, she seem'd much eprit,
For she gave him a flow'ret and said "think of me."

Then follow'd a group by simplicity clad
As emblems of Happiness, joyous and glad!
When Zephyr announc'd them he bade the plants hail
"The sweet little Lilies that grow in the Vale!"
They told that the fair fruits of promise would grow,
And they spoke of much Happiness beaming below:
But that lovely Exotic, celestial by birth,
Forms beautiful buds, which ne'er blossom on earth.
'Tis the fragrance of Heav'n that perfumes its breath
With exquisite sweetness most perfect in death.

A procession of flowers now coming in view, Excited surprise, it was something so new:







The sweet little Lillies that grow in the Oale.

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The Lucerne advancing declar'd he was there As Life's representative; destin'd to bear From the seedling of Heaven transplanted in mould, Such fruit as no mortals (while mortals) behold. Then a path was mark'd out for Life's pageant to pass, It commenc'd with soft Moss and luxuriant Grass, And was studded with flowers of roseate hue To recreate Childhood and Infancy too. It thence became serpentine, rugged, forlorn, Perplext with the Thistle, the Brier and Thorn, And many a pebble, and many a stone, In the pathway of Life were incessantly thrown.

First enter'd the Daisy, or eye of the day
As Infantine Innocence, smiling and gay;
Then follow'd, protected by Zephyr's soft wing,
Smeet Childhood, the Primrose, a nursling of Spring,
The Lilac in White, emblematic of youth,
With Bitter-sweet Nightshade to represent Truth,
And Manhood succeeded, which part was pourtray'd
By plants in perfection, and blossoms array'd;

In the pathway of Truth follow'd cheerful Old Age,
The Michaelmas Daisy with Salvia or Sage;
The last was esteem and one plainly might see
Their prop was a branch of the sweet Olive Tree:
At the end of Life's path they were hid from our view
Beneath the dark shade of the Cypress and Yew,
Where the Amaranth wav'd its bright leaves in the air,
And tho' lost to the sight, 'twas known where they were.
Life's pageant here ended, and as it mov'd on
Love utter'd encore—but the Lucerne was gone.

Ah! Beauty is fleeting, a wither'd Rose said,
As she droop'd on the stem, her once beautiful head;
With sadness her dead leaves dropt down in a show'r,
Exciting the pity of many a flow'r:
Till the sweet little plant that is call'd Mignonette,
Whose delicate fragrance we ne'er can forget,
Then caught the poor leaves as they fell in her arms
And said that "their virtues surpass'd their lost charms."
The Ivy observ'd, when he saw the sad fall,
"What sweet recollections those Rose leaves recall;

Busy *Mem'ry* has always a vast deal to say,
And spoke of past seasons the whole of the day:
'Tis the tree of the mind, and where e'er it takes root,
It clings very closely, as none can dispute:
In sunshine this evergreen often will fade,
But it grows, and it lasts and delights in the shade.

Now the goddess of Flowers by Zephyr was told That banners were flying with mottos of gold, And a glitt'ring pageant more splendid and gay Than that which the Lucerne brought forward to-day, Was coming, with joy, to the goddess's bow'r, With the bright Crown Imperial, the ensign of power. The Angree, said Royalty made its approach, And requested no plant would presume to encroach. Curiosity then or the Sycamore Tree, Determin'd to plant herself where she could see, And old Misletoe climb'd o'er the top of a wall, Some obstacles met, and surmounted them all. The flowers bow'd down at her majesty's name, The trees in the grove wav'd their arms as she came;

And Flora and Cupid arose from the throne,
Due homage to pay to the sovereign they own.
The Sun at this moment attain'd its full height,
And shot forth its rays more resplendent and bright;
Then the Rose and the Shamrock and Thistle entwin'd,
Came floating and streaming away in the wind,
To wave on those banners and join in that crown,
Which for ages has given Great Britain renown.
To the Rose of old England obesiance was made,
To the Thistle of Scotland all honor was paid;
And the emerald Shamrock as green as its Isle,
Was greeted and courted with many a smile.

Then Majesty enter'd with every grace,
And virtue that long have distinguished her race,
Which the noble White Lily did aptly pourtray,
With her unspotted leaves, just expanded to-day,
Like the wings of an angel, spread over the earth,
O'er the ground where she grew, and the land of her birth.
In the suite of the Lily came all that is fair,
Exotics in bloom and the plants of the air,

And those which the mountainous regions supply, To bloom as it were 'twixt the earth and the sky! And the Fuschias around were in waiting upon her, These elegant flowers were maidens of honor; And the beauteous Moss Rose, the emblem of Joy, Of Pleasure usullied, that knows not alloy, The bosom of Royalty begg'd to adorn, For she never could plant in that bosom a thorn!

As the Rose is a queen, 'twas thought to be meet,
The emblem of Joy should be rais'd to that seat.
'Twas blooming in sunshine! the canker-worm, Grief,
Had never been traced on its delicate leaf,
For the Moss had protected its stem from the wind,
Like, the love of a mother, e'er watchful and kind!

[&]quot;Speedwell!" cried Veronica faithful and true,
As she stood on her bank in a vesture of blue;
"Long life!" cried the Fig, and the whispering Beech,
Then prompted the Lotus's eloquent speech,



To bear by W.W. I. St. V. S. S. S. G. S. S. S. S. S. S. S. S.

Of glory, peace, strength, and duration it spoke, For the Laurel, the Olive and old English Oak.

The pageant now ended, like all that is bright,
As transient, as fleeting, as human delight!
Yet 'ere it had pass'd the green avenues through,
Love follow'd, half sighing, and whisper'd adieu.
Then, sorrow forgetting, he chased a fleet hour.
But to stop one were hopeless—not Love hath the power!
Flora charged all the Sylphs of the air in their flight,
To guard the fair Lily from mildew and blight,
To spread o'er her petals their gossamer wings,
When the dew-drops descend and the Nightingale sings,
That nothing come nigh where the White Lily grows,
Save the south wind of Summer, the sunshine and Rose.

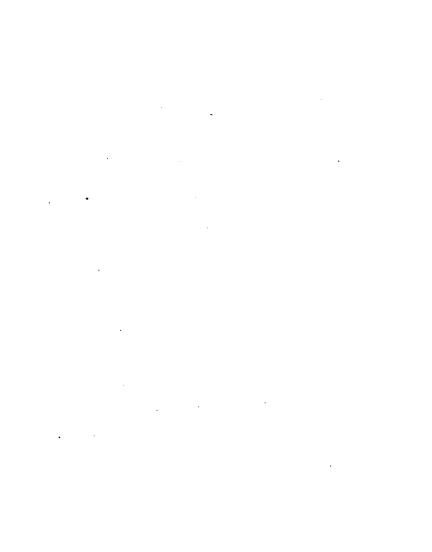
The Acanthus renown'd for its beautiful parts

Came in as the emblem of Science and Arts,

'Twas discover'd of old, o'er a trophy of grief

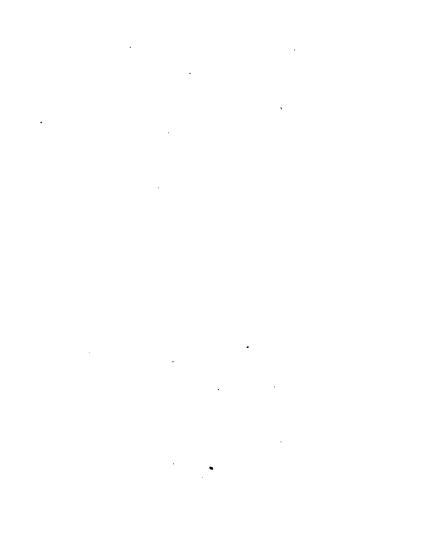
Where the Graces in tears, must have cultur'd the leaf;







Belowing to WILLISON Merchang or Jone Ser at Sugar



Now exalted in station the foliage is found, On Corinthian columns recoiling around: As an exquisite model 'twas never surpast, 'Tis a beautiful leaf and its fashion will last.

The Eglantine sent from Eratos green bow'r Appear'd as a Muse or poetical flower.

Angelica also sublimely inspir'd

With genius (the Plane-tree) was duly admir'd;

They came in together and often are found

Growing near to each other and on the same ground.

Circæa, a spell, was encircled around With magical cords which the Fairies had wound. Love look'd at the Sorceress with scorn in his eye, And how dare she, he cried, with my witcheries vie? In working by mystic, and magic, and darts, And various enchantments and curious arts—Of charms and devices, I leave her to tell, But I can at my will borrow Venus's spell—

The Cestus of Love—irresistible zone, Which the goddess of beauty e'er wears on her throne.

Next came the proud Hollyhock waving its head, With the bright Amaryllis array'd in her red, For Ambition is still the attendant of Pride. And if not her sister, is nearly allied! Till the Broom as Humility swept them away, Saying, "flowers and honors endure but a day!" The beautiful Stocks, then on hearing this said, Grew crimson and white, as they rose from their bed. For "Beauty is lasting," they seem to declare To the Beetles of earth and the Moths of the air! But the Amaranth told them their colours would fail, And their perfume and fragrance be lost to the gale; Whilst he as immortal would ever be found In verdure and bloom all the four seasons round. Then Envy (the Bramble) demanded his name. For the Stocks begg'd to know whence the Amaranth came. Immortality said, I am not of the earth, My origin's heaven, for there was my birth;

Tho' my green leaves are sometimes rais'd over the tomb,
To enliven its darkness and dissipate gloom;
And oft have my seedlings been planted below
Where perhaps for a season they flourish and grow;
But I blassem aloft, and my foliage shades
The fountain of Life, where no flow'ret e'er fades.
Helianthess was sent from the great orb of day
Due homage to Flora, its goddess to pay;
And it bow'd in devotion its beautiful head
Whilst rays of gold sunshine upon it were shed;
But its eye, like a star most resplendently bright
Aspiring to heaven still turns to the light.

The Pinks as Affection—an exquisite group,
Came encircled together, and link'd in a loop.
Fascination and charms were observ'd in their air
They are tokens of love—and Love's motto they bear!
The goddess appear'd much diverted to see
Great Dignity's garb on a little Clove Tree;
The Sardony said, with ironical tone,
"Twas quite the quintescence of taste she had shewn.

The Clove Tree was wounded and piquantly said, With dignified air and a toss of her head, My extraction is good and most highly I'm prized, And am sought for my virtues, whilst thou art despis'd. The Orchis came forth from the marshes as Egror. The Sensitive Plant as the emblem of Terror: Horror brought up the rear, with Grief and Despair, In the garbs which the Cactus and Marigold wear. Then Frivolity follow'd (the small London Pride) And lightly the Larkspur tript close to her side; The old cap of Folly fair Columbine wore, While Flattery, Venus's Looking Glass bore. And to speak of good morals the primitive Rue, In a dress of pale green half inclining to blue; Till a White Rose said, silence, which caus'd her to stop, For fear of the scales of *Injustice* (the Hop.) Whose weights are so false, that the Rue was afraid. Good morals in them might be partially weigh'd.

Flora's Oracle* came in a gold color'd suit, Having left in the earth his indigenous root;

* The Dandelion.

Tho' despis'd and neglected, this singular flower When duly consulted, can point out the hour. The Pimpernel came from her home in the corn, And the poor little rustic was treated with scorn; When she folded her petals and prophesied rain, Like another Cassandra, she warn'd them in vain: There were some among them, could the weather discern, So they bade her to reapers and shepherds return.

The Wall-flower known as Adversity's friend,
And Rosemary and Cypress were gone to attend,
And to deck out the grave and the winding sheet strew,
Of a beautiful bud that had dropt where it grew.
Child of Promise and Hope it was cut down alas
In mistake by the scythe and lay wither'd like grass.
By the Yew-tree invited and summon'd by Grief,
They had put on her garb and each wore the dead leaf.
Helinia delared she must follow the bier,
For Sorrow demanded the fall of her tear.
And the other chief mourner, the White Asphodel,
Was oblig'd to attend the funereal knell;

Old Wormwood remark'd that their absence was sad,
To him absence and death were both equally bad;
The Thrift with much sympathy heard what was said,
And she griev'd for the absent and mourned for the dead.

The Aster of China objected to come, Like his countrymen too, he was partial to home; But Afterthought struck him, he order'd a vest, And gaudy and gay was this mandarin drest; He travell'd but slowly, yet met at the gate With many a cousin as formal and late.

The Moonwort was absent and no one knew where,
The Yellow Carnation disdain'd to appear;
Anemone sorely against her own will
Remain'd in her woods, for she really was ill;
The Indian Pink felt a rooted aversion
To public assemblies and foolish diversion.
And they caus'd the poor Saint-foin so much agitation
She wisely declin'd the polite invitation.

Hemlock came to the portal and tried very hard To enter therein without shewing his card; But when it was known Death, was written thereon, Zephyr fasten'd the gate and then bade him begone: Death's visage looked grim—he said turning away Frost will give me the entrée on some future day; Arbor-Vitæ remark'd this was merely chagrin, In the vales of Elysium death never is seen.

Vast numbers of plants from all parts of the globe, In many a costume and singular robe,
Attended the court of the goddess to-day,
With tokens for Cupid to form a bouquet.
Some wore their court dresses the same as before,
And appear'd in the stars and the orders they bore,
While many refus'd in the pageants to act,
As the Ophrys affirm'd it requir'd much tact.
And others who often had shone in the field,
Whose emblems and mottos emblazon'd the shield,
Had sent an excuse by a native of France
Old Fleur-de-lys, famed in the page of Romance.

Each moment of time wore a roseate hue, Till the close of the Fête at the fall of the dew; Ambrosia, the food of the gods, we are told Was handed around on bright petals of gold! And Nectar supplied for young Cupid to drink, In the cups of the Cowslip fill'd up to the brink. The draughts were delicious—so deep did he quaff, That he made little Primrose and Hyacinth laugh. Then a Garland was gather'd of Roses that grow On the evergreen trees that are ever in blow; With this odorous chaplet fair Virtue was crown'd. And hail'd with delight by the beauties around; And incense was offer'd and perfume was shed, And sweet honey'd words by sweet flowrets were said, Till the music had ceas'd, and the harp in the trees No longer was play'd by the murmuring breeze. Then appear'd in the heav'ns a radiant light, 'Twas the eye of fair Venus refulgent and bright; Love knew the kind signal, that time was at hand When pleasures must close in the sweet floral land, Yet he linger'd a moment to hear in the grove Why the Myrtle was ever the emblem of Love.

When the goddess of Beauty first sprang from the Sea, Her garland was form'd of the green Myrtle-tree, And the Houris of paradise gather'd the flow'r From the grove that environs Adonis's bow'r; And in joyful remembrance of Venus's birth They dropt a small sprig as a boon to the earth: Flora found the fair flow'ret and made it to grow As an emblem of *Love* in her garden below!

Love listen'd with rapture, but made no reply, For a *Rose* in full bloom had attracted his eye; And resolving to have it and make it his own To entwine it with Myrtle round Venus's throne, He pluck'd the sweet Rose and he bore it above, And render'd it sacred to *Beauty* and *Love*.

Now the Sun in the west hid his diadem'd head, Eve's mantle of mist o'er the garden was spread; The Nasturtium* emitted her flashes of light, And Convolvolus folded her leaves for the night,

^{*} The Nasturtium.—This plant is said to emit flashes of light after sun-set and during the night.

For the dial of Flora is mark'd by the flow'rs

As opening and closing, they tell of the hours:

So Time, from his wreath, as he rapidly flew,

To the goddess a sprig of Forget-me-not threw;

Then a Zephyr was sent to the lethean spring,

And return'd with the drops it had caught on its wing;

And Flora requested her plants to inhale

The genial moisture supplied by the gale:

That the flow'rets of earth when refresh'd with the dew,

Might return in full bloom to the land were they grew.

Then she bade them their leaves in forgetfulness steep, And they bow'd to the Poppy and all fell asleep; And were found on the earth by the first rays of light Reviewing these scenes as the visions of night.



FINIS.



THE KEY. .

The MyrtleLove
The Tulip A Proposal, a Declaration
BouquetGallantry
Reeds Music
TendrilsTies
The Chesnut TreeSplendour and Luxury
The Vervain Enchantment
The Ipomea Attachment
The Juniper Protection
Bright BudsPromised Pleasure
Red Roses The Pleasures of Childhood and
Roses of Morn Youth
Snow-drop ,
The Crocus Bright hopes, bright views, &c.
The HepaticaConfidence
The Mezereon Coquetry, desire to please
The Violet Modesty
The NarcissusSelf-love and Vanity
The LucerneLife

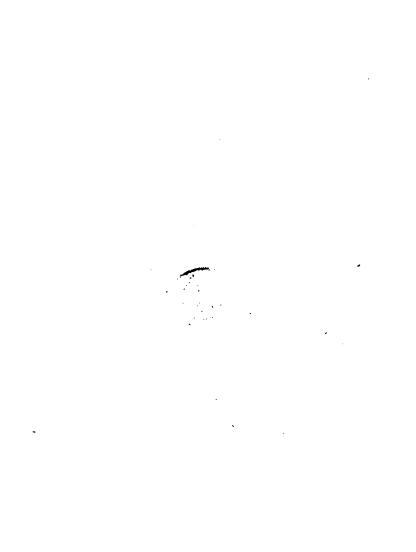
Moss Maternal Love
Flowers of brilliant huesPleasures and Amusements
The Thistle, the Briar, the Thorn Care, Trouble, Perplexity
The DaisyInfancy and Innocence
The White Lilac Youth
The Bitter-sweet Nightshade Truth
Plants in full bloomManhood
The Michaelmas DaisyOld Age
Salvia, or Sage Esteem
The Olive Branch, Peace
Cypress and YewSorrow and Mourning
The Amaranth
A withered Rose
Dead LeavesSadness
MignonetteGood qualities surpass fair charms
IvyMemory and Attachment
The Crown ImperialPower
The AngrecRoyalty
Sycamore TreeCuriosity

The Rose, Shamrock and Thistle England, Ireland, and Scotland
The White Lily Majesty
The Mountain and Alpine Plants Aristocracy
The FuschiaElegance
Moss RoseJoy and Felicity
The Speedwell, or Veronica Fidelity
The FigLongevity
The BeechProsperity
The Lotus Eloquence
The LaurelGlory
The Olive Peace
The Oak Strength, Duration, Hospitality
EglantinePoetry
Angelica
The Plane TreeGenius
Circæa A spell, a charm
HollyhockAmbition
Amaryllis Pride
BroomHumility

Stocks Lasting Beauty
Amaranth
Bramble Envy
Helianthus, or Sunflower Devotion and Adoration
The PinkPure Affection
Clove TreeDignity and Strength
SardonyIrony
OrchisError
Sensitive PlantTerror
Cactus
Marigold Grief and Despair
London Pride Frivolity
The LarkspurLightness
The ColumbineFolly
Venus's Looking-glass Flattery
The RueMorals
White Rose Silence
The HopInjustice
Wallflower Fidelity in Adversity

Rosemary								
A Beautiful Bud A Young Girl								
Yew Tree Sorrow								
Dead LeafSadness and Mourning								
HeleniaTears								
The Asphodel Regret follows you to the Grave								
WormwoodAbsence								
ThriftSympathy								
China Aster Afterthought								
MoonwortForgetfulness								
Yellow CarnationDisdain								
Field Anemone								
Indian Pink								
Saint-foin Agitation								
Ophrys Skill and Tact								
Hemlock Death and Poison								
Fleur-de-lis Gallantry, Knight-errantry								
Ambrosia Reciprocal Love								

Arbor Vitæ
The AcanthusThe Arts
The Dandelion
The Dandelion
HyacinthPlayfulness and Mirth
A Garland of Roses Reward of Virtue
MyrtleLove
The Rose Beauty and Love
NasturtiumWarning
Convolvolus Night
Forget-me-not Remembrance
The PoppySleep and Forgetfulness



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